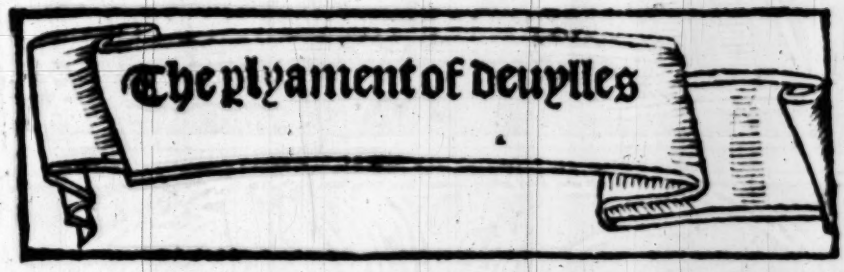

That f. H. copy 69036

AS Mary was grette with Gabryell
And had conceyued and borne a chylde
All the deuylles of the erthe/ of ꝑ ayre and of hell
Helde theyr parlyament of that mayde mylde
¶ What man had made her wombe to swell
To tempt her ye tende to sylde
Her chyldes fader who can tell
Who dyde with her tho werkes wylde
¶ In hell the fendes tho answered
We knewe neuer fader that he had
But amonge prophetes we haue lered
That god with man had conuenaunt made
¶ A serpent in desert was rered
So shall goddes sone in man be had
The soule of hym shall be vnsperred
His herte to cloue and he forblad
¶ These prophetes speke so in mysk
What they ment we neuer knewe
They spake of one sholde hyght Cryst
But Maryes sone hyght Jhesu
¶ And they sayd ꝑ Cryst w̄ god sholde be atwyst
But this Jhesu neuer in the godhede grewe
We ben begyled all with our lyst
The clothe is all of another hewe
¶ And though god make his parlyment
Of peas/mercy/trouthe/and reason
And from heuen to erthe his sone be sent
In mankynde to take a ceason
¶ We shall ordayne by one assent
A prcuy counceyle all of treason
And clayme Jhesu for our rent
For ꝑ he is kynde of man it is good chesou
¶ Wryte we his name whyder we spede
Sythen to vs he is vnknowen

For though he be come of straunge sede
Yet in Adams grounde was he sowen
¶ Whan he is rype do we our dede
Loke that we do hym repe and mowne
For though god hym selfe our rolles rede
By ryght we chalenge Jhesu for our owne
¶ To me mayster deuyll it lyes
To Jhesu wyll I take hede
To nourysshe hym in fantasyes
His freyle flesshe bothe to clothe and fede
¶ And though that he be neuer so wyse
Yet out of the way I wyll hym lede
And make of hym bothe fole and nyse
And in hell his soule bryde
¶ Thus the deuylles theyr wyles cast
With theyr argumentes grete
And thyrty yere they founded fast
To tempte Jhesu in many an hete
¶ In to a wyldernes with Jhesu I past
Of hym knowlege for to gete
And forty dayes there dyde he fast
Without slepe drynke or mete
¶ The mayster deuyll wonder thought
Of Jhesus worthy complexcyon
By mannes fode lyued he nought
But by prayer and deuocyon
¶ But whan he hongred as me thought
To tempte hym than I made me bowne
Lo here ben stones harde wrought
Make therof breed to mannes foysowne
¶ For sothe Jhesu sayd not onely in brede
Is veryly mannes propre lyuynge
But euery worde of the godheed
To body and soule is confortynge

¶ Upon an hygh pynacle Jhym brought anone
And left hym there and adowne Jspronge
And sayd saue the harmeles bothe lymme & bone
And do now maystrys whyle thou arte ponge
¶ If thou be goddes sone lete se
Of the is wryten longe agone
Aungelles in hondes sholde bere the
Leest thou spurne thy fote at a stone
¶ Jhesus sayd in holy wryte thou mayst se
Tempte not thy lorde god lyuynge alone
With all thy myght in euery degre
Thou shalte hym serue and other none
¶ The deuyll sawe it myght not gayne
Of Jhesu his purpose he gan mysse
He brought hym to an hygh mountayne
And badde hym do as he wolde wysse
And there he shewed hym for certayne
Jewelles rychesse and worldly blysse
Worshyp me here and become my swayne
And J shall gyue the all this
¶ Go Sathanas from blysse thou hye
From heuen ryche that ryall toure
In Exody it is wryten certaynly
Thyn lorde god thou shalte honoure
¶ Alas quod the deuyll how arte thou so wytty
Thy wordes are bytter/thy werkes are soure
Thy conclusyon knytteth me so feruently
J abode neuer so sharpe a shoure
¶ The deuylles gadred theyr grete frame
And helde theyr parlyament in the myst.
One wolde ryfle vs at hame
And gadre the floure out of our twyst
¶ New Jaylours wolde wayte vs shame
One men called hym Johan baptyst

13.

But now he hath torned Jhesu is his name
That fyrst hyght Jhesu now is Cryst
¶Laugh ne sporte I hym neuer sawe
But in stablenes he is alway
And stratly kepeth goddes lawe
And strongly withstandeth myn affray
¶To werkes of vyce he wyll not drawe
I wonders worde I herde hym say
The grete temple he wolde downe thrawe
And reyse it agayne on the thyrde day
¶Whan he was borne wonders befell
Ouer all was peas bothe eest and west
In Rome of oyle there spronge a well
From trystmer to tybet it ranne prest
¶In Rome the temples downe fell
Theyr mawmettes dyde all to brest
Aungelles to shepeherdes glory gan tell
In erthe to all mankynde bothe peas and rest
¶The emperoure in Rome stode hye
Thre sones in one he sawe shynynge clere
In the myddes of them a mayden he sye
A man chylde in her armes dyde bere
¶The emperour and Cybyll spoken prophecye
And they accorded bothe in fere
And sayd goddes sone mankynde sholde bye
It is a token the tyme draweth nere
¶Also thre kynges came from ferre
To worshyp Jhesu all they sought
Whiche reysed Herodes herte therre
Hym to sle for they so wrought
¶By the lyghtnynge of a sterre
To Jhesu all thre presentes they brought
Home wardes an aungell taught them nerre
Another way than they had thought

¶ Than I counceyled Herode within a whyle
To dystroye the formest prophecy
That all men chyldren in towne and pyle
To sle them ẏ Jhesu myght with them dye
¶ He fledde in to Egypt in that whyle
Theyr mawmentes fell downe from on hye
He knewe my thought and sawe my gyle
I myght not hyde me from his eye
¶ To tempte Jhesu it wyll not auayle
Of the worldes good he hath no nede
I lese on hym so moche trauayle
The more I so werke the worse I spede
¶ With the sharper assautes I hym assayle
The lesse of me he standeth in drede
The bolder in byker I byd hym batayle
The lesse of me he taketh hede
¶ For yf I tempte hym with wrathe or pryde
With pacyence and mekenes he scomfyteth me
If I tempte hym wͭ lechery I must me hyde
He voydeth me of with chastyte
¶ In glotony and enuy he wyll not abyde
But is euer in mesure and charyte
In couetyse and auaryce he wyll not ryde
But is euer in largesse and pouerte
¶ The deuyll sayd neyther in hote ne cole
I may not make hym stumble ne fall
I wyst hym neuer go to scole
And yet I sawe hym dyspute in the scole hall
¶ He set hym selfe on the hyest stole
And argued agaynst the maysters all
Some called hym wyse/some called hym fole
But goddes sone he dooth hymselfe call
¶ His werkes passeth mannes kynde
For croked and creples he maketh ryght

For deef and dombe and borne blynde
He gyueth them speche hearynge and syght
¶ Wadde men he gyueth them theyr mynde
He maketh mesels hole and lyght
A legyon of fendes in a man he dyde fynde
All he droue out through his myght
¶ Wyne of water he maketh blyue
And dothe many a wonders dede
With two fyllhes and loues fyue
Fyue thoulande men I sawe hym fede
¶ Twelue lepes of releke therof dyde thryue
To men and chyldren that had nede
Deed men he reysed agayne on lyue
And yet wered he neuer but one wede
¶ He handleth neyther money ne knyfe
Neythet in synne delyzeth he ony woman to kylle
But ones he saued a wedded wyfe
In spousayle that had done amylle
¶ He is so wonderfull in lyfe
I can not knowe well what he is
I wolde he had ended our stryfe
He is out of our bokes/and we out of his
¶ Sythen I hym fyrst tempte began
I sawe hym neuer chaunge hewe
Ones he bad me go foule Sathan
Euermore that reprefe I rewe
¶ In werkes he is god/in persone a man
Lyke to hym I neuer none knewe
Where lerned he all the wytte that he can
For euery day he doth wonders newe
¶ I folowed hym ones to a place
To a mountayne vpon hyght
Peter Johan and James there was
Hely and Moyses stode there vpryght

¶ I wolde haue seen Ihesus face
But I myght not it shone so bryght
The sothfast sonne dyde it enbrace
The bryght beames blent my syght
¶ To lete the prophecy soone I went
The Iewes to sle Ihesus I gaue them choyse
If he deye on the rode we shall be shent
I wolde not that they had gyuen that voyse
¶ I was wo for that Iugement
Of crucifige to here the noyse
Pylates wyfe I bad besyly gyue tent
That Ihesu were not done on the croyse
¶ yet the Iewes for his dedes good
False wytnes agaynst hym conspyred
And nayled hym vpon the rode
And payned hym there tyll that he deyed
¶ Under his left syde I my selfe stode
And after his soule straytly spyed
I wyst neuer whyder it yode
Whan he gaue it vp so manly he cryed
¶ The sonne and moone lost theyr lyght
The elementes fought as lyght thonder
The erthe quaued and mountaynes on hyght
Ualeys and stones brest asonder
¶ Deed men arose thorowe his myght
To bere wytnes of that wonder
My mynde fayled I lost my syght
I wyst not how soone I came there vnder
¶ Ihesus soule is gone I wote not where
So pryuely he dyde fro me pas
Whan his herte was perced with a spere
Than wyst I well whohe was
¶ Ordeyne we vs with all our gere
For hyder he thynketh to make a race

Aryse we all that ben bounden here
And stykly defende we our place
¶ For yf that he wolde hyder come
We shall go euerychone
Agaynst hym bothe all and some
And tere of hym bone from bone
¶ Than sayd Lucyfer anone
It is but waste to speke so
The spyryte of hym is now hyder come
For to werke vs all wo
¶ There as the good soules dyde in dwell
They cheyned the gates and barred them fast
Anone Jhesus sayd/ye prynces fell
Open the gates that euer shall last
¶ And lete in your kynge of heuen & hell
The deuylles asked hym than in hast
Who is the kynge of blysse thou doost of tell
Weneste thou to make vs all agast
¶ Stronge god and kynge of myght
I am lorde and kynge of blysse
Usurper of dethe myghty in fyght
Euerlastynge gates open without mysse
¶ Bothe peas mercy trouth and ryght
I brought them at one and made them to kysse
Euerlastynge gates open on hyght
And lete in your kynge to take out his
¶ For I the soule of Jhesu cryst am come hyder
Wytnesse therof my body in erthe lyeth deed
And the holy goost with the soule togyder
That neuer shall parte fro the godheed
¶ In heuens blysse ye stode full syder
Through pryde ye offended my faders bede
Mannes soule for mekenes shall come hyder
There as ye fendes forfeyted that stede

¶ Than sayd Lucyfer god dyde forbede
To Adam in paradyse but one tre
On payne of dethe to haue for that dede
And after in hell euer to be
¶ And thou arte come of Adams sede
Therfore by ryght we chalenge the
For in holy wryte thou may rede
In hell is no remyde
¶ Jhesu sayd Lucyfer trouth thou tellest me
But thou wotest not thy selfe how
There is a bonde hell/but this is fre
The bonde hell was ordeyned for you
¶ For that ꝑ man forfeyted through a tre
Through a tre agayne bought is he now
Thou madest hym synne ꝑ payne longeth to the
For thou waytest neuer good to mannes prow
¶ Lucyfer thou me vndernome
And sayd ꝑ I was of the sede of Adams kyn
For so the I dyde out of the godhede come
And toke fleshe and blode a mayde within
¶ For as of ꝑ sede of erthe there springeth blome
So met we and parted without synne
Thyn argument is false so is thy dome
By what ryght woldest thou me wynne
¶ Who was cheke of thy counsayle
In heuen whan thou forfeyted the blys
In paradyse Adam thou dydest allayle
And tempted hym to forfeyte his
¶ And I in his quarell toke batayle
Ayenst my fader to amende his mys
Wherfore of thy purpose thou shall fayle
For thy quarell nought it is
¶ Than Lucyfer answered agayne
Why spekest thou so to me here

It was but wanton wordes in vayne
I trow thow comest hyder vs to fere
¶ Somtyme whan I was in heuen on hye
That I there lost for my pryde certayne
Here after I hope full sykerly
For to come to that blysse agayne
¶ Cryst Jhesu spake to Sathan tho
And sayd to hym in this manere
Is this but waste to speke so
Or ony suche wordes to vtter here
¶ That tyme whyle thou in heuen were
Full moche Joye haddest thou tho
For all thy felawes were glad there
But tyght soone it was ouergo
¶ Lucyfer spake to hym agayne
And sayd to hym with wordes fere
Here haue I dwelled in wo and payne
More than foure thousande yere
¶ Helpe me to that blysse agayne
The whiche I lost for my pryde there
For there in it is pleasure certayne
To dwell with aungelles shynynge clere
¶ Here me Lucyfer I shall the tell
Or euer ony thynge was wrought
Heuen or erthe ayre or hell
Forsothe than I made the of nought
¶ In heuen whan thou stodest wele
I made the aboue aungelles all
But therof cared thou neuer adele
Suche pryde in thyn herte gan fall
¶ In heuen whan thou were at thy wyll
Thou myghtest haue ben in peas and rest
I toke the my sete full styll
It to seme thou were full prest

¶And whyle I went where me lyst
And come agayne anone on hye
Thou sayd thou were worthyest
And tolyt there as well as I
¶And thou repentest the neuer more
But euer aggredest thy trespace
Adam wept and syghed sore
And asked mercy and oyle of grace
¶My fader sent me hyther therfore
And on a tre lete dethe me chace
A spere through my herte gan bore
And lete out the worthyest oyle that euer was
¶In my faders name of heuen
Open the gates agaynst me
As lyght of ayre and thonder leuen
The gates to brast and gan to fle
¶God toke out Adam and Eue full euen
And all his chosen company
The prophetes sayd with mylde steuen
A songe of wonders now synge we
¶A ha sayd Adam my god I se
Ye that made me with his honde
I se sayd Noe where cometh he
That saued me bothe on water and londe
¶Quod Abraham I se my god so fre
That saued my sone from bytter bonde
Tho sayd Moyses the tables he betoke me
His lawe to preche and vnderstonde
¶Quod Dauyd we spake of one so stout
That sholde breke the brasen gates
Quod zachary and his folke take out
And leue there styll suche as he hates
¶Quod Symeon he lyghteth his folke in dym
Where as derkenes shedeth theyr states

Tho sayd Johan this lambe I spake of hym
That all the worldes synne abates
¶ Our lorde them toke by the hande
And brought them to the place of blysse
And sayd to them I vnderstande
This bargayne I haue bought or this
¶ For ryche and poore fre and bonde
That wyll aske grace and amende theyr mysse
Shall be with you here Joconde
In my kyngdome heuens blysse
¶ Thus Jhesu cryst harowed hell
And ledde his seruaunts to paradyse
With the other helles wolde he not mell
Where fendes blacke bounden lyse
¶ And where dampned soules euer shall dwell
That wyll not amende but euer be nyse
Tourmented with horryble deuylles fell
That somtyme were aungelles of pryce
¶ Hell reproued tho the deuyll Sathan
And horrybly gan hym dyspyse
To me thou arte a shrewde captan
A combred wretche in cowardyse
¶ Tho sayd Lucyfer sythen ỹ worlde fyrst began
I haue brought hyder many a grete pryce
Hyder in to hell of all kynde of man
Bothe true false folysshe and wyse
¶ Hell so worshypped neuer thou were
If thou coudest haue kept the so
I brought the bothe god and man in fere
Why were thou so nyce to lete hym go
¶ Quod hell not with thy powere
I myght not watne hym one of tho
He toke out all that were hym dere
I myght not let hym though ye wolde mo

¶ Quod Bellabub I barred full fast
The gate with locke/chayne/bolte/and pyn
And with one worde of his mouthes blast
They brake vp and he came in
¶ He bounde me and downe me cast
It is no bote to stryue with hym
Whan the dredefull dome is come and past
Our endles payne is than to begyn
¶ Though the Jewes made Jhesu to dye
Yet on the thyrde day he rose to lyfe agayne
It was to hym more victory
Than though he had all the Jewes slayne
¶ Some were glad whan they hym se
Some were sory and some were fayne
And somtyme in one company
Amonge fyue hondred he was sayne
¶ Of oyntementes full many a droppe
Mary mawdeleyne to Jhesu she brought
Jhesu went from her a lytell soppe
And sayd mawdeleyne touche me nought
¶ All his dyscyples were in wanhope
For to conforte them Jhesu thought
And bad them his woundes handle & grope
I haue flesshe & blode so spyrytes haue nought
¶ Thomas was of ryght harde beleue
Tyll he had spoken with Jhesu tho
Jhesu spake with wordes breue
Come hyder Thomas and speke me to
¶ For here thou mayst now the sothe preue
How that I was on the rode ydo
And he that wyll not on it beleue
Shall for euer to paynes go
¶ Than sayd Jhesu with mylde speche
To his dyscyples I wyll ye go

To all creatures about to preche
Myn vprysynge to frende and fo
¶ And tho that beleue that ye teche
Bodyes and soules saued ben tho
And they that beleue not I say to eche
They shall for euer to payne go
¶ Fro you fendes shall fle for my name
Addres and venym shall from you stele
Though ye drynke poyson it shall you not tame
Neyther harme you ne no grefe fele
¶ I shall new tongues in you frame
All maner of language forth to dele,
And they that ye touche seke or lame
Body and soule I wyll them hele
¶ Our lorde after his resurrecyon here
In erthe he was forsothe dwellynge
Tyll holy thursday comen were
That he styed to heuen where he is kynge
¶ At the drefull dome without lesynge
Bothe quycke and deed there shall he deme
God gyue vs grace in our lyuynge
To serue our our god and Mary to queme
¶ Of all the chyldren that euer were borne
Saue onely Cryst hymselfe alone
Was none so holy here before
As was this holy chylde sayn̄t Johñ
¶ That baptysed our lorde in flome Jordone
With full deuout and good deuocyon
And after for Jhesus loue to dethe gan gone
And suffred full grete passyon
¶ Now shall I tell with full good chere
Of that holy assumpcyon
Of hys blysled moder dere
How she was taken vp with full grete deuocyon

¶ Unto her blyssed sone as her wyll were
That therto sent his aungelles adowne
And vp they bare that mayden clere
Quene of heuen they dyde her crowne
¶ Than all thaungelles that were in heuen
Were at the crownynge of that mayde fre
And songe all with mylde steuen
Gloria tibi domine
¶ That is a songe of Joye and blysse
God gyue vs grace that lyght to se
Of his mercy that we not mysse
Qui natus es de virgine
¶ This tale that I haue tolde you here
Is called the deuylles parlyament
Therof is red in tyme of the yere
On the fyrst sonday of clene lent
¶ Who that wyll for heuen procure
Kepe hym fro the deuylles combrement
In heuen his soule may than be sure
With aungelles to synge in lyght splendent
¶ This lesson of new was made but late
There be no tryfles in it at all
The deuylles boost thus gan he bate
Our curteyse Cryst/our kynge ryall
¶ He helpe vs all in at heuens gate
With sayntes to syt there out of thrall
Cryst kepe vs out of harme and hate
For thyn holy spyryte so specyall
Amen.

¶ Thus endeth the parlyament of deuylles. Ens prynted by Wynkyn de worde/prynter vnto the moost excellent pryncesse my lady the kynges mo der. The yere of our lorde. M.CCCCC.&.ix.

Collated + OK
8/30/33 RA